

Baptism

Randy Travis

The summer breaze
Made ripples on the pond
And rattled through the reeds
And the willow trees boyond.

Daddy, in his good hat
Mamma in her sunday dress
Watched with pride as I stood there
In the water up to my chest.

And the preacher spoke
About the cleansing blood
As I sank my toes
Into the east tennessee mud.

Then it was down with the old man
And up with the new
Raised to walk in
The way of life and truth

I didnt see no angels
Just a few saints on the shore
But I felt like a new born baby
Cradled up in the arms of the Lord.

Amazing grace
Oh, how sweet the sound
There was glory in the air
There was dinner on the ground.

And my sins which were many
Were washed away and gone
Along with a buffalo nickel
I forgot to leave at home.

That semed like such a small
Small price to pay
For the blessed peace of mind
That came to me that day.

It was down with the old man
And up with the new
Raised to walk in
The way of life and truth.

I didnt see no angels
Just a few saints on the shore
But I felt like a new born baby
Cradled up in the arms of the Lord.

This road is long and dusty
Sometimes a soul it must be cleansed
And I long to feel that water
Rushing over me again.

I didnt see no angels
Just a few saints on the shore

But I felt like a new born baby
Cradled up in the arms of the Lord.

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Cradled up in the arms of the Lord...